

Yellow Light

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Summary: After failing to find his lost notebook in the forest, Hiccup gets lost in the woods after he tries to get back home. While there, he encounters a strange, ghostly light which he follows, hoping that it will lead him home. And despite the fact that it had eventually led him to danger, it really did lead him home, but not in the way that he expected. Hijack

Yellow Light

****Yeah, I'm not dead****

****Disclaimer: I do not own Rise Of The Guardians, nor do I own How To Train Your Dragon****

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><p>Hiccup sighed as he trudged through the leafy undergrowth of the forest, trying to find his notebook among the green and brown of the forest floor.<p>

He hadn't meant to lose it. He hadn't even been aware that he had it with him when he and Toothless went for a short flight. He had only realized that it was there when it fell from right under his vest and went ricocheting through the air, heading straight downwards.

Luckily for him, they had been flying over the forest so Hiccup was at least glad that it didn't fall into the sea.

Still, it would have helped if he had known it was there in the first place.

Hiccup looked up at the sky, already darkening and turning into a deep shade of red-orange. If he didn't hurry, it would take him until nightfall to find his notebook.

Hiccup sighed again and continued his search. He wished that he could have taken Toothless with him. Although he might not exactly be much help in the finding of Hiccup's book, he would have at least provided him with company.

And it was getting chillier too, signalling that winter was almost near.

Hiccup pulled his vest closer to his body against the cold breeze as his bright green eyes scanned the undergrowth for any corner of his notebook. And yet again, and there was absolutely no sign of it anywhere.

Shaking his head, Hiccup rested his hand on a nearby tree trunk and leaned against it. Gods, what was he going to do?

It was getting darker (and colder) by the minute and he just couldn't put off finding his notebook till tomorrow. What if somebody else were to find it before him?

"Yeah, right." Hiccup snorted. "Like there's anybody here at all after nightfall."

Still, he couldn't shake off the feeling that somebody else was there with him. He had been getting that feeling ever since he became aware of how near sunset was, and no matter how hard he tried to resist, he just couldn't help but look over his shoulder once in a while, just to make sure.

He was getting that feeling again now and for one fleeting moment, Hiccup dared a glance over his shoulder.

There was no one there.

Hiccup scowled and shook his head. "Stupid. Of course there's no one there. It's just your imagination."

Rubbing his hands up his arms to keep himself warm in the increasing chill, Hiccup climbed up a mound of dirt and stood at the top, hands on his hips, looking out at the sight before him.

There was nothing but the usual green shrubs littering the ground and trees dotted here and there. He tried to find his notebook among it, but he stood too far to see.

Hopping down from the mound, Hiccup again resumed his search, staring down at the ground as he walked around. He didn't know how long he simply did that, strolling around, staring down at the forest floor. But before he was even aware of it, everything turned dark and Hiccup looked up, suddenly realizing that the sun had now set.

The creeping feeling that someone was watching him suddenly washed over the teenage Viking and he stopped for a moment to look up at the sky. Although the canopy of a few trees prevented him from seeing all of it, he could vaguely make out a dark sky already dotted with a few stars.

Hiccup sighed, admitting defeat. It was no use trying to find his notebook now. It was already too dark to see properly and anyway,

people said that wolves roamed this place at night. Hiccup wasn't really one to believe these rumors, especially since they themselves kept huge scaly creatures far more terrifying than wolves in their own village. But he sure didn't want to stick around to find out if these rumors were true or not. Plus, he didn't want to worry his father.

The young Viking climbed up the mound again and jumped down on the other side. Walking forward through the forest, Hiccup was aware of how different the woods looked in the nighttime. Everything was shrouded in shadows and it was often hard to tell what something really was or if it was there at all. Things that you could have sworn weren't there before were suddenly right there. Huge rocks and boulders suddenly took on formidable forms in the darkness. The branches of trees suddenly looked like scraggly arms with long thin fingers, reaching out to grab you.

Hiccup shivered in the cool wind. He looked around and suddenly it hit him.

Why couldn't he hear anything?

The forest was completely silent. There was not the chirp of a cricket or a hoot of an owl to be heard anywhere. Just the wind, blowing through the leaves of the plants and the hollows of the trees.

And always, always, that feeling that someone was watching him, somewhere close by.

Hiccup breathed out. "It's okay." He muttered under his breath. "It's nothing."

But was it really?

In an attempt to take his mind off these things, the brunette looked up and tried to search for the distant lights of the village in the distance, maybe try to see if he could hear the village dragons roaring or whatever.

But beyond the trees, Hiccup only saw darkness.

And then it hit him like a cold wave from the sea, waking him up to a realization.

He had absolutely no idea where he was or which way he had to go to get to the village.

Panic rose up in the Viking's chest as he thought desperately of how he was ever going to get out of here. He looked around frantically but everywhere he looked, everything looked the same. Every tree, every shrub, every leaf, every twig.

He ran forward, trying to get anywhere (if there even was an anywhere here) and when he finally stopped after a minute and looked around, he realized with a sinking feeling in his gut that everything still looked the same.

His heart was beating against his chest and Hiccup wished more than ever that he had brought Toothless with him.

Shaking his head, Hiccup breathed out slowly. "It's all right. You'll find the way out. There's no need to panic."

So saying, the Viking stood up straighter and began to walk forward, trying not to think too much of his current situation. Instead, he thought of the delicious dinner awaiting him at home. He thought of Toothless and his dad, probably waiting anxiously for him. He thought of taking the Night Fury with him here tomorrow to help him look for his stupid notebook.

Hiccup felt somewhat calmer after thinking these and continued on, paying no attention to the increasing darkness of the forest.

Then a twig snapped behind him.

Hiccup stopped dead in his tracks and the hairs on his arms stood on end. A cold feeling washed over him and his mind started thinking about what could possibly be behind him.

Just as Hiccup turned around to see, there was a _whoosh_ of air and there was nothing there. The Viking gulped, then turned back around.

The moment he did, he was met with such a frightening and surprising sight that he cried out and stumbled backwards.

A bright yellow orb of light was floating above the forest floor not 6 feet away from him. Hiccup stared at it with wide eyes, not daring to believe it.

What was it? A ghost? A spirit?

Hesitantly inching towards it, Hiccup reached out a quivering hand, not sure if he should do this or not. The moment he did so, the light gave what sounded like a soft sigh (or what could have been the wind) and floated farther away.

Hiccup stared after it curiously. It seemed quite harmless to him. But what was it?

The Viking went through the mental list of mythological creatures that his mother used to tell him stories about but as far as he knew, she had never told him anything about mysterious floating lights.

Right at that moment, the light gave another sigh and this time, Hiccup could swear that it sounded kind of sad. It floated another foot away before stopping and Hiccup suddenly realized what it wanted him do.

It wanted him to follow it.

To where, he could only guess.

But I hope it's home, Hiccup thought as he ran after it.

The orb of light continued on its way through the forest, following no particular path, if there even was one. It zig-zagged and criss-crossed, going left and right, going around trees and even

through them. Hiccup had no idea where this thing was going but he continued to follow it, hoping that it knew where it was going or where it was leading him.

He had no idea how much time passed since he had found the light but he did know one thing. He was starving and he wanted nothing more than to just get back home.

The light sighed and suddenly turned a sharp right. Hiccup skidded to a halt and turned to look where it was going. It floated about a foot away, unmoving, as if waiting to see if he was going to follow it or not.

Sighing, Hiccup walked towards it. "How long are you gonna keep me going like this?" He asked it.

It gave no reply, not even a sigh. It just floated there, as solitary as an island.

Hiccup walked faster, expecting it to continue along its route, but it didn't.

Quite unconsciously, the Viking's hand reached out towards the bright, glowing orb. "What are you exactly?" He breathed. His eyes were locked on the yellow light, despite it starting to blind him. If he looked hard enough, he could just vaguely make out a dark, dusky figure behind the light, holding it in its hands. The figure looked like nothing more but a wisp of black smoke, or a shadow, but Hiccup could swear that when he looked at it now, there was a small grin across its face.

And then everything happened all at once.

The ground beneath Hiccup's feet suddenly disappeared and the Viking tore his eyes off the light to look down. His eyes widened in horror, his breath hitched and his heart skipped a beat.

He was standing on thin air, looking down at the steely gray sea and its huge waves beating against the hard cliff face.

He had walked right off a cliff.

He had no time to even think about how this had even happened when he was falling through the air, a scream ripping through his lungs and wind whistling in his ears.

Then something cold and dry grabbed his hand and he was floating there, floating right above the sharp rocks and the cold steely sea down below.

Breathing hard, Hiccup tried to still his furiously-beating heart in his chest. Then he looked up and a strangled yelp escaped his mouth.

A boy was there.

A boy with bright blue eyes, staring worriedly down at him.

A boy with skin and hair as pale as snow.

A boy hovering in mid-air.

A boy who was holding Hiccup's hand, preventing him from falling any further down.

A particularly handsome boy, if he had to add.

Hiccup could feel his cheeks flushing and words were forming in his mouth.

"Wha-How-W-What are you-" He stuttered.

The boy's eyes widened and a look of genuine surprise came over his face. "Y-You can see meâ€|?"

Hiccup rolled his eyes at him. "Well of course I can see you! Weird kid floating on air and all. Who wouldn't!"

The boy laughed before he started floating upwards. Hiccup looked wildly around him. They were shooting slowly upwards and before he even knew it, they were floating right above the edge which the Viking had so blindly walked right off.

There was no sign of the light.

The boy dropped Hiccup on the ground by the edge before alighting beside him, a grin on his face. "Your appearance might not say much, but boy, were you heavy."

Hiccup didn't seem to be paying attention though. He was staring at the place where he had last seen the light, floating right over empty space.

"But howâ€|?" He whispered to himself, his eyebrows furrowed. "What was that light?"

"You don't know?" The boy said.

Hiccup turned to look at the boy, his eyes wide, realizing just then that he was still there. "Know what?" he asked.

"That was a wisp." The boy said. He swung what looked like a crooked wooden staff, which he had been holding in his hand, through the air before balancing it on his shoulder. "Or a will-o-the-wisp, if you prefer. It leads travelers astray, probably towards a patch of quicksand or in your case, right off a cliff." The boy laughed.

Hiccup's eyes widened. "So thatâ€|that thing was trying to kill me?"

The boy shrugged his shoulders. "Most likely. Or why else do you think would it lead you off a cliff?" He laughed again.

Hiccup narrowed his eyes at the boy. His appearance was somewhat strange. It was not only the fact that his hair was white despite him looking to be only about Hiccup's age, it was his attire as well. He wore nothing but a thin, light brown shirt, brown breeches that reached to just below the knee, and he was barefoot. Sure, he wore what looked to be a small brown cape around his shoulders, but wasn't

this guy cold, considering that winter was just around the corner?

The boy noticed Hiccup staring and he said, "What?"

"Who are you?" Hiccup asked.

The boy blinked then laughed. "Oh. Wellâ€¦" He held his hand out towards the Viking. "I'm Jack Frost."

The Viking's eyes widened and his mouth gaped open. "Wait, wait, wait. _You're_ Jack Frost? Likeâ€¦|_Jokul Frosti_|? The one my mother used to tell me about?"

Jack laughed. "If you already knew about me before, then why are you so surprised?"

"Like the whole 'nipping on your nose, spirit who brings winter' stuff? That's you?" Hiccup said.

Jack breathed out through his nose and smiled. "The one and only."

Hiccup stared at him with wide eyes. Then he looked away with a small roll of his eyes. "Ohh-kayâ€¦|" He said.

"What, you don't think I'm telling the truth?" Jack said. "Well then, let me prove myself to you."

He turned around to face a nearby tree and glancing at Hiccup to make sure he was paying attention, he touched the end of his staff to the wood.

Almost immediately, white tendrils of frost spread out from the spot that Jack's staff had touched. The frost traveled around the bark of the tree, creating intricate, lacing patterns.

Hiccup stood gawking at the sight, unable to believe what he was seeing in front of his eyes.

Jack smirked. "Told you."

"Butâ€¦|But why didn't you warn me about the wisp then?" Hiccup asked.

Jack's face fell. "Oh. Well, I tried. Remember that snapping twig you heard in the forest?"

Hiccup narrowed his eyes at him. "Yeah?"

"That was me." Jack laughed sheepishly. "I saw the light and I thought that you would follow it but then I thought that you might not see me so I left before you could."

He looked up at Hiccup and their eyes met. Hiccup felt a jolt run through his body when his eyes locked with Jack's and a warm feeling was beginning to spread through his gut. But the feeling disappeared when Jack broke the contact.

"I followed you, of course." He continued. "'Cause I thought that you

might need some help." He grinned at Hiccup. "Turns out you did."

"Oh." Hiccup said. He nothing else to say right now. There was a long pause of silence between them, then Hiccup said, "Thank you."

Jack looked at him, surprised. "What?"

"I said, thank you. For saving me." Hiccup added quickly.

Jack blinked and he looked genuinely surprised to be thanked. Then he smiled and said, "You're welcome."

"So, umâ€¦" Hiccup scratched the back of his head. "You're bringing winter here, right?"

Jack chuckled, "Yeah."

"Then you must know the way to the village, right? My village?" Hiccup asked.

"Yes?"

"Could you possiblyâ€¦?"

Jack blinked then he smiled. "Sure. Come on."

He held his hand out towards the teenage Viking. Hiccup took one look at it and he felt his heart flutter. "Uh, no thanks. Justâ€¦lead on."

Jack laughed. "Come on." And before Hiccup could even protest, the winter spirit had grabbed his hand and was leading him away from the edge and back into the forest.

Hiccup could feel his face reddening and the surprising warmth of the boy's hand holding his. "D-Do you really need toâ€¦um, you knowâ€¦?"

Jack turned back to look at him and smiled, and for a long time, Hiccup could find that he couldn't look away from the other's face.

"To make sure that you don't go running off chasing after wisps again."

The both of them laughed, and somehow, Hiccup felt safe and somewhat secure being here with the winter spirit, all thoughts of his lost notebook gone from his mind.

"Don't worry." Jack said. "I won't lead you astray."

* * *

><p>Originally posted on my Tumblr. Don't know, just thought of posting it up here. (As a reminder that I'm still alive and will most probably be updating my stories very soon, so be patient.)

Thanks for reading!

End
file.